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PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 209.)

OTHELLO.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE CORRECT ACTING EDITION.

Combined with which is the version as produced and played by the eminent Tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth. The text carefully revised—Full and specially compiled Stage Directions accurately marked—Cast of Characters—Scenery and Costumes—Properties, and Bill for Programmes, specially arranged and compiled.

EDITED BY

JOHN M. KINGDOM,

Author of "Marcoetti," "The Fountain of Beauty," "A Life's Vengeance," "Tancred," "The High Road of Life," "Which is My Husband?" "The Old Ferry House," "Madeline," "Wreck of the Golden Mary," "The Three Musketeers," etc., etc.

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☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Scenes. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters.—M. male; F. female.

. Female characters are generally assumed by males in these plays.

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5		44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene... 3	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, 1 s. 4		96. Midnight Intruder (The), 1 scene... 6 1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene... 3		101. Molly Moriarty, Irish, 1 scene... 1 1	
11. Black Ey'd William, 2 scenes... 4 1		49. Night in a Strange Hotel, 1 scene... 2	
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2		22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene... 2 1	
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene... 4		27. 100th Night of Hamlet, 1 scene... 7 1	
42. Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene... 2 1		30. One Night in a Bar Room, 1 scene 7	
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes... 7 1		76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene... 7	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes... 5 2		9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene... 7	
79. Barney's Courtship, Irish, 1 scene. 1		57. Pompey's Patients, 2 scenes... 6	
89. Bogus Talking Machine, Dutch 4		65. Porcer's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene... 6 1	
35. Coal Heavers' Revenge, 1 scene... 6		63. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, 1 scene... 2 1	
53. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes... 8 1		87. Pete the Peddler, sketch, 1 scene... 2 1	
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene... 3		91. Painter's Apprentice (The), 1 scene 5	
50. Draft (The), sketch, 1 act, 2 scenes. 6		92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene... 5	
53. Damon and Pythias, 2 scenes... 5 1		14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 2 scenes. 5	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 act. 3 1		26. Rival Tenants, sketch, 1 scene... 4	
64. Dutchman's Ghost, sketch, 1 scene. 4 1		45. Remittance from Home, 1 scene... 6	
95. Dutch Justice, sketch, 1 scene... 11		55. Rigging a Purchase, 1 scene... 2	
4. Eh? What is it? sketch, 1 scene... 4 1		81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene... 3	
52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene... 10 1		7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene... 2	
67. Editor's Troubles, farce, in 1 scene.. 6		13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 scene 6	
93. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4 1		15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 scene... 2 1	
25. Fellow That Looks Like Me, 1 s... 2 1		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes. 6	
51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes... 7	
88. First Night, Dutch sketch, 4 scenes 4 2		21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes... 6 3.	
17. Ghost (The), sketch, 1 scene... 2		16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene. 5	
31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes... 3		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes... 5	
20. Going for the Cup, interlude, 1 scene 4		46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene... 2	
58. Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene... 4		56. Stage Struck Couple (The), 1 scene.	
70. Guide to the Stage, sketch, 1 scene. 3		59. Sausage Makers (The), sketch, 2 s...	
77. Getting Square on Call Boy, 1 scene 3		69. Squire for a Day, sketch, 1 scene... 5	
82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene 3		72. Stranger (The), sketch, 1 scene... 1 1	
83. German Emigrant, sketch, 1 scene. 3 1		74. Sleep Walker (The), sketch, 2 scenes 3	
85. Gipsack, sketch, 1 scene... 3		100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 2 scenes 6	
3. Hemmed In, sketch, 1 scene... 3 1		102. Three, A. M., sketch, 1 scene... 3 1	
23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5 1		5. Two Black Roses (The), sketch... 4 1	
48. High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene... 6		2. Tricks, sketch, 2 scenes... 5 2	
61. Happy Couple, sketch, 1 scene... 2 1		34. Three Strings to One Bow, 1 scene. 4 1	
68. Hippotheatron, sketch, 1 scene... 9		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 s. 2	
71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene... 2		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene... 3	
33. Jealous Husband, sketch, 1 scene 2 1		28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 s... 3 1	
94. Julius the Snoozer, 3 scenes... 7		62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, one scene. 6 1	
1. Last of the Mohicans, 1 scene... 3 1		29. Who Died First, sketch, 1 scene... 3 1	
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes... 4 1		32. Wake up, William Henry, 1 scene... 3	
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene... 6 1		39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene... 5	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes... 3 2		75. Weston the Walkist, Dutch 1 scene 7 1	
60. Lost Will, sketch, 1 scene... 4		93. What Shall I Take? sketch, 2 scenes 8 1	
90. Lunatic (The), sketch, 1 scene... 3		97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene... 4	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes... 4		99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place 3 1	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene. 3		85. Young Scamp (The), sketch, 1 scene 3	

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(BETWEEN DUANE AND FRANKFORT STREETS.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Park Theatre, N. Y., Booth's Theatre, N. Y., Daly's Fifth ave. Theatre, London, 1833.</i>	<i>Jan. 29, 1833.</i>	<i>April 12, 1869.</i>	<i>N. Y., Nov. 3, 1875.</i>
The Duke of Venice.....	Mr. KING.	Mr. A. W. FENNO.	Mr. JOHN MOORE.
Brabantio (a Senator).....	Mr. POWELL.	Mr. MARK SMITH.	Mr. F. HARDENBERG.
Gratiano (Brother to Brabantio).....	Mr. CLARK.	Mr. THOMAS J. HIND.	Mr. T. W. FORREST.
Lodovico (one of his kinsmen).....	Mr. MEREDITH.	Mr. G. A. VINTON.	Mr. J. DREW.
Othello (a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian State).....	Mr. THOMPSON.	Mr. EDWIN BOOTH.	Mr. EDWIN BOOTH.*
Montano (his predecessor in the government of Cyprus).....	Mr. EDMUND KEAN.	Mr. AUGUSTUS PITOU.	Mr. B. RINGGOLD.
Cassio (Othello's Lieutenant).....	Mr. MERCER.	Mr. FRANK LAWLER.	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Roderigo (a Venetian Gentleman).....	Mr. BARRY.	Mr. CHARLES NORRIS.	Mr. GEORGE PARKES.
Iago (Othello's Ancient or ensign bearer).....	Mr. PLACIDE.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. D. H. HARKINS.*
Leonardo.....	Mr. COOPER.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. EVANS.
Julio.....	Mr. CHAS. YOUNG.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. EDWARDS.
Marco.....	Mr. YARDLEY.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. DEVEAU.
Paulo.....	Mr. E. CROOKE.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. WILLIS.
Luca.....	Mr. DOUGLAS.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. HAMILTON.
Antonio (a Gentleman).....	Mr. READ.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	Mr. HASTINGS.
Giovanni.....	Mr. TURNOUR.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	
Messenger.....	Mr. HONNER.	Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.	
Desdemona (Daughter to Brabantio and wife of Othello).....	Mr. WILLMOTT.	Miss MARY MCVICKER.	Miss JEFFREYS LEWIS.
Emilia (Wife of Iago).....	Mrs. W. WEST.	Miss FANNY MORANT.	Miss ALICE GREY.
	Mrs. GLOVER.		
	Senators, Officers, Citizens of Cyprus, Attendants, etc.		

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—THREE HOURS AND A HALF.

* Exchanged characters on alternate performances.

SCENERY.

ACT I, Scene 1.—Venice. A street. The flats in the 3d grooves represent a winding street with an archway, c., and houses beyond. Across R. 3 E., in a slanting direction, the front of a house with practicable door and window; balcony above with a window opening on to it. R. 2 E., another house. Similar houses represented by the wings, L.

Scene 2.—Venice. Another street. The flats closing in on 2d grooves, represent a row of houses with practicable door, R.

Scene 3.—Venice. A council chamber. The flats in the 4th grooves represent the interior of a heavily carved and decorated chamber, with archways R. and L. 3 E., in a slanting direction, hung with tapestry. Paintings fill the spaces. At the back, c., a slightly raised platform and state chair for the Duke; in front of it table with velvet covering and rich chairs.

ACT II, Scene 1.—Cyprus. An open place near the Quay. The flats in the 4th grooves represent the opposite shores of a harbor which is supposed to occupy the space between the 3d and 4th grooves. A broad platform representing the footway at the edge of the quay, stretches across from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E., with a flight of three broad steps in the centre. An ancient gateway in a slanting direction, R. 2 E.

Scene 2.—Cyprus. The guard house before the castle. The flats closing in on the 2d grooves, represent a massive stone building with heavy practicable doors R. and L.

ACT III, Scene 1.—Cyprus. A room in the castle. The flats set in the 4th grooves represent a gallery in front of which stretching across the stage is a raised platform or passage, the descent from which is by a flight of three steps in the centre. At R. 3 E. is an arched doorway, and near L. 3 E. a cushioned seat, the flats and wings, richly decorated, denote a handsome apartment.

Scene 2.—Another apartment in the castle. The flats closing in on the 2d grooves represent the interior of a similar room.

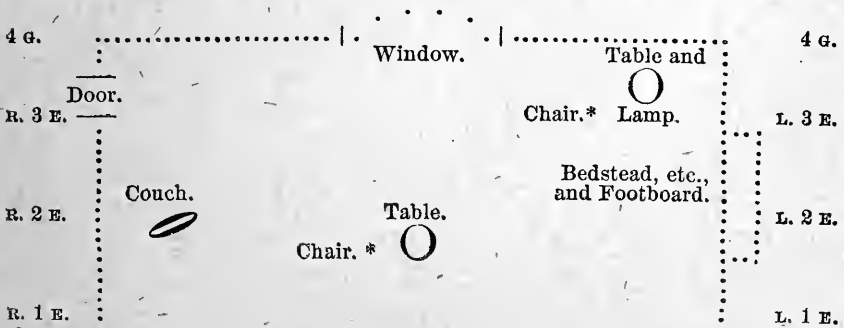
ACT IV, Scene 1.—Cyprus. An apartment in the castle. The flats set in the 2d grooves represent the interior of a pannelled chamber with paintings, arms, etc.

Scene 2.—Another apartment in the castle. The flats in the 4th grooves, and the wings represent a similar room, but of a richer kind. Gilded and velvet chairs about, and a couch near L. 3 E. to be pushed a little forward as the scene opens. An archway c., with heavy curtains richly embroidered.

Scene 3.—Cyprus. The castle gates. The flats closing in on the first grooves represent a massive stone wall, battlements and gateway, c.

Scene 4.—A street in Cyprus. The flats set in the 3d grooves represent a street in perspective. On the right in a slanting direction across R. 2 and 3 E., the front of a house, the shutters closed, door at R. 3 E. and pillars on either side. Night time.

ACT V, Scene 1.—Cyprus. A bed-chamber in the castle. The flats set in the



4th grooves represent one side of a richly pannelled and tapestried chamber. In the centre a large latticed window with varied colored glass, through which the moonlight is seen. On the left of the window a table with lighted lamp and books upon it, a chair by the side. In a slanting direction, L., a massive bedstead, hung with rich tapestry; near it, L. C., table and chair. A foot-board or step, with crimson carpet, runs alongside the bedstead. A couch between R. 3 and 2 E. The side R. is closed in, representing another side of the room. A door R. U. E.

PERIOD—ABOUT 1570.

The scene of events lays in the City of Venice in the First Act ; afterwards in the Island of Cyprus.

COSTUMES.

OTHELLO.—*First Dress, Act 1*: A Moorish cloak of scarlet, with white sarsenet robe ; rich blue satin vest, buttoned down with gold buttons ; blue silk girdle and richly ornamented sword and dagger ; chocolate-colored pantaloons and sandals. The skin of a dark, swarthy nature, but not too much so. *Second Dress, Act 2*: A gown or loose garment of crimson velvet, with loose sleeves, over it a rich mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned over the shoulder with massive gold buttons ; blue silk girdle ; sword and dagger ; cap of crimson velvet ; silver baton ; pantaloons as before ; rich sandals ; heavy gold neck chain and medalion. *Third Dress, Act 5*: A long white cloth mantle or night robe ; loosely fastened at the neck, beneath which is a scarlet silk jacket partially open ; white muslin shirt ; silk girdle, sword, dagger, dark pantaloons, morocco sandals.

IAGO.—Black and orange colored jacket with hanging sleeves, richly embroidered ; black trunks, embroidered ; russet boots ; black hat and plume of feathers, white ; scarlet silk sash ; sword and dagger.

CASSIO.—A light brown colored velvet jacket, with blue silk lining ; scarlet under-jacket, embroidered, as also the buff colored pantaloons ; russet boots, blue silk sash, sword, black velvet hat and white feathers.

RODERIGO.—Light blue jacket, lined with amber silk ; red velvet trunks, and doublet slightly trimmed with lace ; belt and sword, russet boots, hat and feather.

DUKE OF VENICE.—Black velvet cloak trimmed with ermine ; crimson jacket, richly embroidered ; dark trunks, puffed with white satin ; white silk pantaloons and white shoes ; coronet.

BRABANTIO.—Brown silk doublet and trunks, puffed with white satin ; brown velvet cloak with rich embroidery ; white silk pantaloons and white shoes.

GRATIANO.—Dark blue velvet doublet and cloak ; trunks puffed with scarlet satin ; white silk pantaloons and shoes ; sword, hat and feather.

MONTANO.—Dark cloth jacket and cloak ; trunks puffed with amber satin, all trimmed with silver ; white pantaloons and shoes ; sword, black hat and feather.

ANTONIO.—Blue jacket, white waistcoat and pantaloons, trimmed with silver ; russet boots ; sword, hat and feather.

LODOVICO, SENATORS, etc.—Similar kind of dress, but varied in color, quality and adornment.

SERVANTS.—Brown and chocolate colored cloth doublets, embroidered ; puffed trunks, gray pantaloons ; shoes, white collars, and puffed out or muffin-shaped velvet caps.

- DESDEMONA.**—*First Dress, Act 1:* White satin, richly trimmed with silver, pearls, etc., and with rich white and silver drapery of lace, etc.; ornaments; white satin shoes. *Second Dress, Act 2:* Rich blue satin dress; silver trimmings, pearls, etc.; lace veil, mantle, etc.; white shoes. *Third Dress, Act 5:* Muslin night-dress, trimmed with lace.
- EMILIA.**—Black velvet dress with open skirt, trimmed with white lace, and lace undersleeves; black shoes.

PROPERTIES.

- ACT I., Scene 1.**—Torches for BRABANTIO's servants. *Scene 2:* Torches; weapons for officers. *Scene 3:* Massive table, with rich velvet covering; chair of state to correspond; eight or more chairs for GRATIANO and Senators; parchments and writing materials laid about on the table; letters with seals for messenger.
- ACT II., Scene 1.**—Bell for striking. *Scene 2:* Wine vases and goblets; torches for servants.
- ACT III., Scene 1.**—A handsomely carved and gilded seat or lounge, covered with crimson velvet; rich lace handkerchief embroidered for DESDEMONA, and marked with devices.
- ACT IV., Scene 2.**—Handsomely gilded and massively carved chairs, with crimson velvet seats; a couch of similar kind; letter with seal for LODOVICO; *Scene 4:* Torch for IAGO; small hand-lamp lighted for EMILIA.
- ACT V., Scene 1.**—Moonlight scene; an antique table with heavy cloth of dark velvet over it; a chamber lamp lighted; books upon the table; three chairs of antique style, covered with green velvet; a second sword for OTHELLO. Rich bedstead hung with heavy tapestry; pillows and furniture; raised carpeted steps by the side; a small table; couch to match chairs; DESDEMONA's handkerchief to bind round CASSIO's leg; three letters open for LODOVICO.

BILL FOR PROGRAMMES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN VENICE.

IAGO's ambition thwarted—A Rival's Success—A Scheme of Revènge—BRABANTIO informed of his Daughter's Flight—A Father's Anger—The Pursuit.

SCENE II.—ANOTHER STREET IN VENICE.

IAGO's Cunning—A False Friend—A Message from the Duke—Meeting of BRABANTIO and OTHELLO—A Conflict Prevented—An Appeal to the Senate.

SCENE III.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE DUKE'S PALACE.

The Senators in Conference—News of War—Othello's Aid called for—The Father's Accusation of his Daughter's Abduction—OTHELLO's Grand Address to the Senate—Guilty or not Guilty, let DESDEMONA decide—Father or Husband—OTHELLO Conquers—Departure for War—IAGO's Plot of Vengeance—The Trap laid and the Game started!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. AN OPEN PALACE NEAR THE SEA.

Arrival of the New Governor, OTHELLO—IAGO's fancy Picture of Women—His Plot thickens—His Story of DESDEMONA's Love for CASSIO—The Plan to Trap him.

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. THE GUARD HOUSE BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Posting of the Night Watch—CASSIO in charge—Gallants of Cyprus—Treachery of IAGO—CASSIO Falls into the Snare—A Drunken Brawl—The Wine Cup works its Evil—Arrival of OTHELLO—Duplicity of IAGO—Dismissal and Disgrace of CASSIO.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

CASSIO appeals to DESDEMONA to intercede for his Pardon—OTHELLO's Suspicions—IAGO's Insinuation rouses his Jealousy—The Fire Kindles—The Charmed Handkerchief—EMILIA's Prize and IAGO's Triumph—"I will in CASSIO's lodging lose this napkin"—Sudden Arrival of OTHELLO—Jealousy and Suspicion at work—Anger, Revenge and Grief—"OTHELLO's Occupation's gone!"—Duplicity of IAGO—The Compact—Return of DESDEMONA—The Search for the Handkerchief—OTHELLO demands it—A Plea for CASSIO in vain. The Plot thickens.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

OTHELLO's Grief and Agony—A Message from the Senate—Recall to Venice.

SCENE II.—ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

OTHELLO's Suspicions at work—EMILIA's Story—"She is honest, I swear"—Arrival of DESDEMONA—OTHELLO's fierce Accusations and indignant Denial—The Handkerchief! Where is it?—Again IAGO's Treachery—He suggests CASSIO's Death—RODERIGO falls into the Trap.

SCENE III.—A STREET IN CYPRUS.

The Assassins in Ambush—Attack upon CASSIO—The Fight—A Stab in the Dark—CASSIO Wounded—Treachery again at Work—IAGO Makes his Sword Useful—Death of RODERIGO.

ACT V.


SCENE I.—CYPRUS. A BED-CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE.

DESDEMONA Sleeping in Innocence—OTHELLO's Dark Designs—Madness, Love and Vengeance—He Awakes Her—The Accusation and the Threat—Protestations of Innocency—Pillow and Dagger—Murder of DESDEMONA—Arrival of EMILIA—OTHELLO's Alarm—Story of DESDEMONA's Truth and Virtue—OTHELLO's Agony, and Discomfiture of IAGO—Death of EMILIA—Villainy Exposed—Arrest of IAGO—Pathetic Appeal of the Moor—The Hidden Sword—Resistance too Late—Death of OTHELLO.

 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience ; L. Left ; C. Centre ; R. C. Right of Centre ; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat ; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat ; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat ; R. D. Right Door ; L. D. Left Door ; 1 E. First Entrance ; 2 E. Second Entrance ; U. E. Upper Entrance ; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the Audience.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

THE tragedy of Othello was first produced in the year 1602. The general idea of the play was evidently gained from the seventh novel of the third decade of Cinthio's "Heccatomithi." It has been doubted by most of Shakspeare's commentators whether he was sufficiently acquainted with the Italian to have read this book in the original. Certain it is that no proof that it was ever printed in English has come down to us. The fact however, appears to have escaped the vigilance of Shakspearian scholars that it is quite likely that many translations that never reached the press may have circulated in manuscript from hand to hand in the then infancy and expensiveness of printing; as we have in our own time known the bulk of music to have been transferred from musician to amateur, and *vice versa*, by copying with the "gray goose quill."

It is strange, but the very title gives a foretaste of the character of the hero. There is something full, round, grand, and withal musical in its very utterance. If the portico is so fine, what must the temple itself be? This piece would have set the signet of immortality on the brow of any poet: It is justly esteemed the masterpiece of the Swan of Avon. Its multitudinous excellencies have only been approached by himself. They surpass the works of any others. Complex as seems the character of the Moor, it appears, on more attentive analysis, to be as simple as fancy ever imagined or genius ever depicted. His large, generous unsuspecting soul is formed in the most manly and heroic mould; while his almost womanly tenderness of heart is just as natural. His bearing and gestures are as grand as his features are noble and benevolent. Born amid "antres vast," and saturated with the strong and burning passions of his southern home, he is yet

"Not easily jealous; but being wrought, perplexed in the extreme."

What in one of a different temperament would seem unlikely, forced, unnatural, in one of his ardent, fiery temper appears, and is, perfectly consistent. His conscientiously great heart is undisturbed by the smaller angers and griefs of daily life. He resembles one of those monstrous Druidical stones, which the little finger of a child can gently move to and fro: but let any great impulse be given it, and it topples from its base, crushing everything, flowers and rocks alike, that stand in the way of its destructive course. The gentle Desdemona is a creation that equally shows forth the genius of the dramatist. Had there been the slightest signs of petulance—had she given her furious lord one cross word, we should have failed to love with our heart of hearts this gracious martyr.

Everything is apt and proper in place, plot, character, and circumstance of this tragedy. Venice, the wedded Queen of the Adriatic,

"Where her loved court the blushing Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,"

was the exact spot that a poet would have chosen to bring together the *dramatis personæ* of his drama. Here were to be found, not imagined, the stately Senator, the fierce-blooded Moor, the accomplished soldier-gentleman, Cassio; the intriguing, heartless Iago, and the other characters that are so admirably and effectively contrasted or grouped in the piece.

Othello held high command in the armies of the proud city of the Doges. Returning victorious he had been hailed with acclamation, and the portals of the princely palaces flew open at his approach. A trusted Senator, Brabantio, greatly affected his company, and in compliance with his host's request, Othello often related the events of his stormy life. Desdemona, the fair daughter of the Senator, fell in love with the dusky hero: for Othello was of Moorish origin. The soldier, pleased at her evident liking for him, found "a pliant hour," and declared his love, and "married

her." Her father, terribly incensed at the match, brought the subject before the Senate; but the necessities of State demanded that Othello should at once hasten to Cyprus, where the Crescent threatened peril to the Cross. The General immediately embarked, leaving Desdemona to follow after with Iago, his "ancient" (an officer combining the modern duties of a secretary, treasurer, and *major-domo*). Attached to Othello's troops was an accomplished gentleman and skillful officer, Michael Cassio; while a weak-minded fop, Roderigo, of whom Iago had borrowed money, also accompanied the expedition. Arrived in Cyprus, the brave General was soon joined by his household, under Iago's care. Desdemona, bringing with her Emilia, the wife of Iago. Exasperated at Othello having promoted Cassio to be his lieutenant instead of himself, and desiring to gratify his envy and spite, the wily ancient proceeded to weave his devilish web to ensnare every one that he hated. He contrives to involve Cassio and Roderigo in a fierce quarrel at night. Cassio, being inflamed with wine, finds the fop's insults unbearable, and draws upon his assailant, who already has his steel unsheathed. While they are rapidly giving and taking thrusts, Iago orders the alarm bells to be rung, and Othello rushes in, sword in hand, to discover what has

' Frighted the isle from its propriety.'

Cassio, sobered and speechless, stands aloof, while Iago, with apparent reluctance, tells how he came in and found Cassio and Roderigo fighting, and before he could stay them the alarm was given. The Moor, justly indignant that his trusted lieutenant should have committed so unpardonable a breach of military discipline in a garrisoned town, sorrowfully says to him :

" Cassio, I love thee !
But never more be officer of mine."

Iago, apparently out of zealous friendship, advises Cassio to apply to Desdemona to persuade her husband to revoke his sentence of dismissal. Pure, and unsuspecting, Desdemona innocently plays into the ruthless villain's hands; allows Cassio to see and converse alone with her, while Iago instils the deadly poison of jealousy into the Moor's veins. Everything appears to justify Othello's belief in the inconstancy of his wife. Desdemona's constant appeals to him to forgive Cassio, and even the slight fact of Desdemona having lost a peculiar handkerchief, which in truth Emilia had purloined and given to her husband, but which Iago tells Othello he found in the secret possession of Cassio. The Moor tries to reason with himself. He pictures Desdemona freely giving him her young heart, and abandoning her home and parent for his sake—but then he recalls his own demerits; his dark skin, "the livery of the burning sun;" his age, for he "was somewhat declined in the vale of years." But ever as the scale turns in favor of his fair wife's innocence, the crafty Iago is always at hand to "pour the leprous distillment of suspicion into his ear." The soul of the fiery Moor is like a tempest-tost bark, pitched about by conflicting elements till he almost becomes maddened with the mental strife. At last he settles to a belief of Desdemona's guilt, and then he proceeds with almost judicial calmness to destroy her, "lest she betray more men." Bidding her retire for the night in an imperative tone, the fond wife obediently obeys him. Emilia, who had seen jealous husbands before, tells her that her lord is jealous. But she, innocent heart, tries to justify Othello's cruelty, by imagining affairs of State as having vexed him. Othello follows her to their chamber, and bursts out into furious accusations—her truthful replies go for nothing—and after bidding her say her prayers to Heaven, he fiercely smothered her with her pillow, and she falls back seemingly lifeless—not daring to use a dagger, for he would

" Not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster."

Hardly has the sacrifice been consummated, before Emilia thunders at the door. After some hesitation he admits her. She comes to tell him that Roderigo has been slain by Cassio. Then Emilia hears the almost inarticulate moaning of her mistress.

She rushes to the bed, and implores Desdemona to tell her "who has done this?" The dying wife exonerates her husband, and says to Emilia, "Commend me to my kind lord. Farewell." Emilia fiercely rates Othello, laughs scornfully at his assertions of Desdemona's faithlessness, and shows how he has been tricked by consummate villainy. Then she gives the alarm, loudly denouncing Othello as the murderer of his wife. Many officers rush in—Iago included—when Emilia reveals her husband's crimes; he stabs her, and is in turn stabbed by Othello, who has become convinced of his ancient's perfidy. Othello is placed under arrest, but eluding the vigilance of his guards, he drives a blade into his breast, and as he falls upon the bed of his murdered wife, exclaims:

"I kissed thee e'er I killed thee; no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss!"

REMARKS.

To dwell or descant upon the beauties of Shakspeare is like trying to gild refined gold and to paint the lily. Throughout his works we find lines and sentiments adapted to every circumstance, and they are with the educated class as familiar in their mouths as household words—so universally is his power recognized.

In compiling the present edition of his works the object is not to supply a series for closet perusal (of this kind indeed the name is legion), but to furnish an acting version of each play, based upon the admitted best stage editions hitherto produced, accompanied by the stage business and arrangements, corrected to the present time, compiled from careful study of the text and close observations of the rendering of each work by the most eminent actors.

Only in a very few instances is any deviation made from the original text. In Shakspeare's time language and action were accorded a looseness which would not now be tolerated, and words and sentences were freely rendered in the highest ranks of society which would now grate harshly and offensively upon the ear of decency. In such instances, therefore, I have changed a word or two, not destroying the intent or meaning, but conveying it in a milder and less offensive manner.

The universally recognized stage edition of Shakspeare's plays is that known as the "Cumberland Edition," after the name of the publisher, and who, during his career, some years since, brought out the best *acting* edition of plays ever published up to that time; but very far indeed behind, in every respect, to the edition of plays of which this one forms a portion.

The "Cumberland" edition will form the basis of the present one, accompanied by notes, showing how it has been, and is, occasionally departed from or added to by some of the leading tragedians, thus affording, it is hoped, one of the most perfect editions ever published, and interesting and useful both to the general reader and to the professional.

In the present instance I have blended the version as adopted and rendered by Mr. Edwin Booth. No confusion can ensue from this, the arrangement being very simple; portions which he omits are denoted by inverted commas, and alterations and additions made by him appear in foot notes.

The play was first produced at the Globe Theatre, London, Richard Burbadge, actor and artist, being the original Othello.

Almost every eminent tragedian that has graced the boards in either Great Britain or the United States has essayed, with more or less success, the difficult but desirable *role* of the Moor of Venice. A mere catalogue of the *principal* actors that have appeared as *Othello* would include the following. Many more might be added "till the line stretched out until the crack of doom," but these will suffice: Betterton, Booth (there have been three *great* actors of the name), Garrick, Macklin, John Kemble, Geo. Frederick Cooke, Charles Young, Macready, Edmund Kean, Cooper, the elder Conway, Gustavus V. Brooke, Phelps, James Wallack, Hamblin, and

among the very greatest, if not the greatest, Edwin Forrest, whose imposing appearance, magnificent voice, expressive countenance, and grand conception, realized the Shakspearian description of the Danish Monarch's appearance,

“Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.”

In approaching now the most recent representation of this play—that at the Fifth Ave. Theatre in Nov., 1875—I tread upon dangerous ground, having to deal with a gentleman of culture and grace, of wide-world fame, and the ruling favorite of the people, Mr. Edwin Booth. Let me plunge into the thick at once. I watched his performance intently and carefully, but I failed to find in it, as a whole, the representative of Shakspeare's ideal—swayed by passions powerful, intense, and explosive, requiring extraordinary vocal energy, and a fierce excitability of temper, making him appear as he should be, a giant by the side of Iago. But in some parts the actor was magnificent. In Act II., Scene 2, where Iago tells him the artfully woven story of the street brawl, and Othello, receiving it as truth, dismisses Cassio, the words he utters though few—

“Cassio, I love thee!
But never more be officer of mine,”

I never heard more beautifully rendered—producing a thrilling effect—so simple, yet so grand. Then again in Act III., Scene 1,

“I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known,”

terminating with—

“Othello's occupation's gone !”

The effect was really marvellous; the deep pathos thrown into the whole speech, and the fearful tones of the grief of a powerful spirit completely crushed, as denoted by the last line, was magnificently depicted.

But the grandest effort was in Act III., Scene 1, where Iago gradually works up the jealous and fiery nature of the Moor until he induces him to compass her death:

“Come, go with me apart: I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
“IAGO. I am your own for ever;”

forming the grand climax to as powerfully acted a scene as I ever witnessed.

Again, in the last Act—where Othello is contemplating the mode of Desdemona's death, and observes:

“Put out the light, and then—put out the light ?”

The pause made in the delivery of this line is one of the finest and most suggestive ones it is possible to conceive. It conveys so clearly the intensity of feeling in the Moor's mind—though he has determined to do the deed, yet with all his courage and the stern, unflinching resolution of a soldier, he feels it must be done in the dark; but this conviction startles his calmness, and suddenly pictures to him the awful crime he contemplates—the putting out of the light of life which can never be restored.

In this line, as indeed in the whole of the speech, Edwin Booth is beautiful, pathetic, even grand. Beyond these instances I saw nothing particular to note. His Iago, however, is quite a different thing. It is a grand performance; in my opinion the best upon the stage, and I confidently believe that in this character he stands unrivalled; at any rate with many years' experience I have never seen a better one.

J. M. K.

NOTE.—The additions, omissions, and alterations of Mr. Booth's version, are shown by the foot notes.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

ALTHOUGH but little more than three centuries have passed since the "sweet Swan of Avon" appeared to forever immortalize that soft flowing stream, scarcely more of Shakspeare's personal history is known than is left to us of the lives of Hafiz or Homer. What makes this fact appear the more strange is that he flourished at a time, and among contemporaries, when everything pertaining to literature was in its most glorious fruition. Our author appears to have been either entirely indifferent to the opinions of posterity, or else so certain of his claims to immortality, that he could afford to "whistle them down the wind." The few facts connected with the parentage, birth, life and death of the greatest poet the world has ever seen may be very briefly related; indeed, his own "Seven Ages" almost tell his history. William Shakspeare was born in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, England, on the 23d day of April, A. D. 1564. His father, John Shakspeare, had held several important local offices in his native town, among them high baliff, or Mayor of the Corporation of Stratford. At one time he had been justice of the peace, which shows that he was a man held in esteem by his fellow townsmen, and by the ruling powers of his country. By occupation John Shakspeare was a dealer in wool, which was then a staple production in England; so much so, that to this day the Chancellor of England sits upon the wool-sack when governing the House of Lords. Tradition says that he also carried on business as a butcher. This is by no means improbable, though it may have grown out of the fact that his wool buying business would naturally bring him in contact with that class of tradesmen.

John Shakspeare's wife was the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote, in the County of Warwick. Her family was one of the best in the county, some of its members having honorably filled, trusted positions. The great dramatist was the eldest son, and received his education at a free school. Of the extent of that education nothing is absolutely known; and the surmises of his greatest commentators are of no value, as their conclusions are entirely contradictory of each other. Certain it is that there are few things in "heaven and earth" that he was not acquainted with, and that when he had "exhausted worlds he then created new." Much has been written about his "illiterature," but this fact remains unchallenged, that the most learned professors of the English language since his day have never been able to transmute a page of his writings into sweeter, stronger, or more expressive words. In his eighteenth year Anne Hatheway became his bride. The lady was eight years his senior, and was the daughter of a well-to-do yeoman in the neighborhood of his home. Many concurring traditions represent his early married life as being somewhat unsettled. He is accused of being accessory, with some lawless comrades, in the stealing of deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecotte. This led to his prosecution, upon which he left Warwick for London. Previous to which, however, he lashed Sir Thomas in a ballad, probably his first metrical production. The year 1586 is fixed upon, after the most diligent investigation, as that in which Shakspeare removed from the banks of the Avon to those of the Thames. The stories vary as to how Shakspeare first came to be attached to the theatre. The story of his holding horses at the door for visitors is now discarded from its many inherent improbabilities; he very quickly made his wonderful qualities apparent. Very soon his plays attracted notice of many persons, eminent alike for rank and talent. Queen Elizabeth herself frequently witnessed and approved his pieces; the princely Earl of Southampton was at once his admirer and beneficent friend, while King James the First sent him a letter of thanks, penned by his own hand. Not only was Shakspeare applauded as a writer, but he was much loved as a man, and appears to have been of a very companionable disposition. His contemporaries, when they do speak of him, invariably speak in a kindly manner. It must be borne in mind that nearly

all the poet's contemporaneous authors were men of extensive, and in many instances of profound learning. To excel such men shows him to have possessed qualities exceptionally great. The latter years of Shakspeare's life were spent in pleasant retirement, amid books, friends, and surrounded by those beauties of nature that had known so well how to appreciate and depict.

William Shakspeare died on his birthday, Tuesday, April 23d, 1616; the fifty-second year of his life being then but just completed, and he was buried in the parish church of Stratford. One of his acquaintances records of him, that "he was a handsome and well-shaped man," and adds, "very good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant smooth wit."

Shakspeare's family consisted of two daughters and a son. But in the third generation his family became extinct.

No less than thirty-seven plays are acknowledged to have been written by our author, and many more are attributed to him on questionable authority.

It has been justly said that the stream of Time which washes away the dissolving monuments of other poets, passes unharmed the adamant fabric of Shakspeare's fame.

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, L. 2 E.

RODERIGO (L. C.). Tush, ne'er tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine—should'st know of this.

IAGO (R. C.). You will not hear me ;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capped to him ; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price ! I am worth no worse a place ;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits

My mediators ; *for certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer !

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow

That never set a squadron in the field.

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster—

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I (Heaven bless the mark !), his Moorship's ancient.

ROD. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman !

IAGO. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him, then.

IAGO. Oh, sir, content you ;

I follow him, to serve my turn upon him ;*
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end ;
 For when my outward action does demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at ; I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full fortune does the thick-lips own,
 If he can carry it thus !

IAGO. Call up her father,
 Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight †
 Though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some color.

ROD. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud. (*goes up the stage.*)

IAGO. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. (c). What, ho ! Brabantio ! Signor Brabantio, ho ! (*goes to the door, knocking and shouting.*)

IAGO. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves ! thieves !
 (*up the stage. L. c.*)
 Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
 Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO *enters on balcony, R.*

BRABANTIO. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
 What is the matter there ?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within ?

IAGO. Are your doors locked ?

BRA. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

IAGO. Sir, you are robbed—for shame ! † arise, arise !
 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

* We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That doting on his own obsequious bondage
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For naught but provinder, and when he's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords
 Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined their coats
 Do themselves homage ; these fellows have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago ;
 In following him, I follow but myself ;

† Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies.

‡ Put on your gown,
 Your heart is burst ; you have lost half your soul ;
 Arise, arise !

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you ;
Arise, I say !

BRA. What, have you lost your wits ?

ROD. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice ?

BRA. Not I. What are you ?

ROD. My name is—Roderigo.

BRA. The worse welcome.

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors ;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet——

ROD. Sir, sir, sir !

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good sir !

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

ROD. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve
Heaven if the devil bid you.*

BRA. Thou art a villain !

IAGO. You are—(RODERIGO *checks him*) a Senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee, Roderigo.

ROD. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you†
Straight satisfy yourself ;
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

BRA. Give me a taper—call up all my people—

This accident is not unlike my dream ;

Belief of it oppresses me already—

Light, I say ! light ! (*retires.* IAGO and RODERIGO *come down.*)

IAGO (c.). Farewell, for I must leave you ;
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall),

* BRA. What profane wretch art thou ?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are
now——

† If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence ;
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere.

Against the Moor ; for I do know the State—
 However, this may gall him with some check—
 Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embarked
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars
 (Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business ; in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell ! [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Enter BRABANTIO and SERVANTS, with torches, from the house, R.

BRA. It is too true an evil ; gone she is !
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is naught but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
 Where did'st thou see her ? Oh, unhappy girl !
 With the Moor, say'st thou ? Who would be a father ?
 How did'st thou know 'twas she ? Oh, thou deceivest me
 Past thought ! What said she to you ?—Get more tapers ;
 Raise all my kindred. [*Exit* SERVANTS, R. 1 E., and L. 2 E.
 Are they married, think you ?

ROD. (L. c.). Truly, I think they are.

BRA. Oh, Heaven !—How got she out ? Oh, treason of the blood !
 Fathers, from hence trust not your daughter's minds
 By what you see them act. Are there not charms
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abused ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing ?

ROD. Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother.

Exit a SERVANT, R. D. *The other* SERVANTS *re-enter.*

Oh, that you had had her !
 Some one way, some another. [*SERVANTS go off through archway, and L. 1 E.*] Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

ROD. I think I can discover him ; if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call ;
 I may command at most—get weapons, ho ! (*SERVANT enters house, R.*)

And raise some special officers of night—

On, good Roderigo—I'll deserve your pains. (*they move towards archway as the scene closes in.*)

SCENE II.—*Venice. Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R. 1 E.

IAGO (L. c.). Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
 To do no contrived murder ; I lack iniquity

Sometimes to do me service ; nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

OTHELLO. 'Tis better as it is. (*crosses, L.*)

IAGO (*crosses, to R. C.*). Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married ? for be sure of this—
That the magnifico is much beloved ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the Duke's ; he will divorce you ;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on),
Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite ;
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honor
I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege ; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. (*looking off, L.*) But look ! what lights
come yonder ?

IAGO (*R.*). These are the raised father and his friends—
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I ; I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

IAGO. By Janus—I think, no.

Enter SERVANTS, with torches, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA, L.

OTH. (*C.*). The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

CASSIO (*L.*). The Duke does greet you, General ;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you ?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;*
You have been hotly called for ;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit, R. D.*]

* It is a business of some heat ; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls raised and met,
Are at the Duke's already.

CAS. (*crossing to IAGO; the others draw back towards the side of the door*). Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO (R.). 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack; If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

CAS. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

CAS. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO, R. D., and pauses on the threshold.

IAGO. Marry, to—come, Captain, will you go?

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio—General, be advised;

He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Holla! stand there!

Enter two SERVANTS, L., with torches, preceding RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, and OFFICERS, with weapons.

ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief! (*they draw.*)

IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you!

OTH. (*advances, c.*). Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

BRA. Oh, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For, I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunned

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril. (*they advance on both sides.*)

OTH. (*sternly*). Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest—

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

And answer this your charge?

BRA. (L. c.). To prison, till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

OTH. (c.). What, if I do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the State,

To bring me to him?

CAS. (R. c.). 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The Duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

BRA.

How ! the Duke in council !

In this time of the night ? Bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause ; the Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt, r.*]

SCENE III.—*Venice. A council chamber.**

The DUKE, GRATIANO, LODOVICO, and other SENATORS seated, and MARCO, in waiting, discovered.

DUKE. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

GRATIANO (L.). Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

* In the Booth version this scene is represented (so far as regards the commencement) as taking place in an ante-chamber of the Senate House, and runs thus :

Enter GRATIANO, LODOVICO, and VINCENTIO.

GRATIANO. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

LOD. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

VIN. And mine, a hundred and forty.

GRA. And mine, two hundred !

But though they jump not on a just account—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

LOD. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

SAILOR (*within*). What, ho ! what, ho ! what, ho !

Enter LEONARDO, with a torch, and a SAILOR.

LEONARDO. A messenger from the galleys.

GRA. Now, what's the business ?

SAILOR. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the State
By Signior Angelo. [*LEONARDO and SAILOR pass on and exeunt.*]

LOD. How say you by this change !

GRA. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pagant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
Nor that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in ; if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

LOD. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Then follows the council chamber, which is marked as *Scene 4*. The Duke and Senators, with officers, etc., are discovered seated, and a new named character, Lucentio, is delivering to the assembly the words here set down for the messenger.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred and forty.

LOD. (R.). And mine, two hundred ;
But though they jump not on a just account
Yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter PAULO, L. D.

PAULO. A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE. Now, the business ?

Enter a MESSENGER, L. D.

MESSENGER. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjoined them with an after-fleet. (*gives letters to*
MARCO, who delivers them to the DUKE.)

LOD. How many, as you guess ?

MES. Of thirty sail ; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

LOD. Here comes Brabantio—and the valiant Moor.

[*Exit MESSENGER, L. D.*]

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO, GIOVANNI, and*
LUCA, L. OTHELLO and CASSIO cross to R.

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy, Ottoman.
(*to BRABANTIO*) I did not see you—welcome, gentle signior ;
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. (L.). So did I yours ; good, your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what's the matter ?

BRA. My daughter ! Oh, my daughter ! (*weeps.*)

DUKE. Dead ?

BRA. Ay, to me ; (*advances, L. c.*)

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err, †
Sans witchcraft, could not—

* In the Booth version Cassio is not brought on. It is true he has nothing to say, but having taken the message for Othello's attendance, his duty would compel him to return ; if not, curiosity to see the issue of events, after what had taken place, would naturally induce him to be present. — Ed.

† Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense.

DUKE. Who'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly, I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the State affairs,
Hath hither brought.

DUKE. We are very sorry for't—
(to OTHELLO) What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRA. Nothing, but this—it is so.

OTH. (*advances, R. C., making solemn salutes*). Most potent, grave,
and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true—true, I have married her—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven year's pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself; yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic
(For such proceedings am I charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

BRA. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature;*
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof.

Othello, speak—
Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

* And must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again.

And let her speak of me before her father ;
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place—

[*Exeunt* IAGO, RODERIGO, LUCA, and GIOVANNI, L. D.]

And till she come, as truly as to Heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes
 That I have passed.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history ;
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts wild,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hent to speak—such was the process—
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The Antropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
 She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas won'drous pitiful !
 She wished she had not heard it—yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man ; she thanked me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used—
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

DUKE.* Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best ;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man !

Re-enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, L., with DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, and LUCA.

Come hither, gentle mistress ;
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ? (OTHELLO, L. C.)

DES. (c.) My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty ;
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter ; but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. Heaven be with you—I have done !
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee—(OTHELLO and DESDEMONA retire, R)
I have done. Proceed to the affairs of State.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.
Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you.† You must
therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down ; I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place and exhibition ;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. Be't at her father's.

BRA. I'll not have it so.

OTH. Nor I !

DES. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke, (*kneels, c.*)

* DESDEMONA and others enter.

I think this tale would win my daughter too.

† And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion,
a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you.

To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona ?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him.
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honors and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate ;
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence ; let me go with him.

OTH. Your voices, lords—'beseech you, let her will *
Have a free way. (*advances, and raises her.*)

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for stay, or going ; the affairs cry—haste !
And speed must answer ; you must hence to-night.

DES. To-night, my Lord ?

DUKE. This night.

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At ten i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth concern you.

OTH. Please your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust ;
To his conveyance I assign my wife
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so—
Good-night to every one. And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Exeunt DUKE, LODOVICO ; *the other* SENATORS, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA, R. 3 E.

BRA. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see,
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

OTH. My life upon her faith.

[*Exeunt* BRABANTIO, and GRATIANO, L. 3 E.
Honest Iago, (*advancing, c.*)
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;

* OTH. Let her have your voices.
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

I prythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
 And bring her after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee ; we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and CASSIO, L. 3 E.]

ROD. Iago—

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou ?

IAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it ;
 Why, thou silly gentleman ?

ROD. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment ; and then have
 we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO. Oh, villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times
 seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an in-
 jury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would
 say, I'd drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I'd change my
 humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ;
 but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus.
 Come, be a man. Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies ! I
 profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now.
 Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; I say, put money in thy
 purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to
 the Moor—put money in thy purse !—nor he his to her ; it was a vio-
 lent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;
 put but money in thy purse !* if sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt
 an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for
 my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make
 money. A plague of drowning ! it is clean out of the way ; seek thou
 rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned, and go
 without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me. Go, make money—I have told thee often,
 and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor ; my cause is hearted,
 thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against
 him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me
 a sport † Traverse—go ; provide thy money. We will have more of
 this to-morrow. Adieu !

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes. (*going.*)

IAGO. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

ROD. (*halting.*) What say you ?

IAGO. No more of drowning—do you hear ?

ROD. I am changed. I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit, L. 3 E.*]

IAGO (C.). Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
 For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;

* These Moors are changeable in their wills ; fill thy purse with money. If thou
 will needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning. Make all
 the money thou canst.

† There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered.

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office ; I know not if't be true ;
 Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now ;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,
 A double knavery. How ? how ? Let me see—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife—
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected—framed to make women false—
 The Moor, a free and open nature, too,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't—it is engendered. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit*, L. 1 E.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus. A platform before the town.**

Enter MONTANO, CASSIO, and JULIO, R. 3 E., *descend c., and advance.*

CAS. (C.). Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor. Oh, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

MONTANO (L. c.). Is he well shipped ?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approved allowance ;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure. (*a cannon fired*)
 (*without*, L.) A sail ! a sail ! a sail !
 (*crossing*, L.) What noise ?

Enter ANTONIO, L. 3 E. ; *descends*, c., *and advances.*

ANTONIO. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail !

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the Governor ;
 I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth, who 'tis that is arrived. (*guns without.*)†

* SCENE I.—*Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

† ANT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
 Our friends at least.

CAS. I pray, etc.

JULIO.* I shall! [Exeunt, with ANTONIO.
 MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
 CAS. Most fortunately; he hath achieved a maid
 That paragons description and wild fame;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation,
 Does bear all excellency.

Re-enter ANTONIO and JULIO.

JUL. How now; who has put in?
 JUL. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General.
 CAS. He has had most favorable and happy speed,
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,†
 As having sense of duty do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.
 MON. What is she?
 CAS. She that I spake of, our great Captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.
 Oh, behold—(*crosses to meet DESDEMONA, R., JULIO and AN-*
TONIO cross, R.)
 The riches of the ship are come on shore.

Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, EMILIA, MARCO, and PAULO, R. 3
E.; descend c., and advance.

(R. C.) Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round!

DES. (C.) I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
 CAS. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught,
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
 DES. Oh, but I fear—how lost you company?
 CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship. (*cannon fired, L.*)
 (*without, L.*) A sail! a sail!
 CAS. But hark! a sail.‡ See for the news. [*Exit ANTONIO, L. 3 E.*
 Good ancient, you are welcome. (*to EMILIA, kissing her*) Wel-
 come, mistress.
 Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
 That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
 That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
 IAGO (L. C.). Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
 As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
 You'd have enough.

* There being no *Julio* in the Booth version, his part is thrown into that of Antonio, which is certainly incorrect, because Antonio having just brought the news, Cassio would not require *him* to go back and get the information; but would naturally send one of his own officers.—ED.

† The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel.

‡ (*guns heard without*)

ANT. They give their greeting to the citadel;
 This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news.

DES. (c.). Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much!

I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

EMI.

You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of door,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.

DES. Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

EMI. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO.

No; let me not.

DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

IAGO. Oh, gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

DES. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbor?

CAS. Ay, madam.

DES.

I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman, indeed; one that, in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAGO. I am about it; but indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze—
It plucks out brain and all. But my muse labors,
And thus she is delivered:

She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—Now I may!
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;*
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight—if ever such wight were—(*stopping suddenly.*)

DES. To do what?

IAGO.

To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and illiberal counsellor?

CAS. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar. (*takes DESDEMONA by the hand and withdraws a little toward R., conversing with her and pointing off, as though directing her attention now and then to some particular object, continuing to do so during IAGO's speech.*)

IAGO (*aside, R.*). He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper. As little a web as this will ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantancy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft. (*cas non fired. Trumpet sounds, L.—aloud*) The Moor—I know his trumpe

* She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's-head for the salmon's tail.

DES. Let's meet him, and receive him. (*advancing, L.*)

OTHELLO, ANTONIO, LUCA, GIOVANNI, LORENZO, and GENTLEMEN enter on the platform, L. 3 E. The GENTLEMEN remain on the platform; the others descend, c.

OTH. (*advancing, c.*) Oh, my fair warrior!

DES. My dear Othello! (*they embrace.*)

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. Oh, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

OTH. Amen, to that sweet prayer!*
And this, and this—(*kissing her*) the greatest discord be
That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAGO. (*aside, L.*) Oh, you are well-tuned now;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

OTH. Come, let's to the castle—
(*to the CITIZENS and GENTLEMEN*) News, friends—our wars are
done; the Turks are drowned—
How do our old acquaintance of the isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. Oh, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus!

Trumpet sounds. Exeunt, R. 2 E., OTHELLO, and the others—the GENTLEMEN descending and following. RODERIGO is going also, when IAGO addresses him, advancing, c.

IAGO. (*to RODERIGO*). Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.
Come hither—(*RODERIGO returns*)† list me. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard. First, I will tell thee this—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

ROD. (*astonished*). With him—why, 'tis not possible!

IAGO. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark

* I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

† If thou be'st valiant—as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility
in their natures more than is native to them.

me, with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the devil?

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

IAGO. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts, Sir, be you ruled by me; I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night for the command; I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

ROD. Well—

IAGO. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

ROD. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu!

[Exit, R. 2 E.]

IAGO (c.). That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not?—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her, too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do—
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I track
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap, too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [Exit, L. 1 E.*]

* In the printed Booth version the following scene is introduced, but I cannot

SCENE II.—*Cyprus. The Guard-house before the castle.**

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, MARCO, and PAULO, R. 1 E.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night,
Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.
Good-night.

[*Exeunt through the guard-house, R. D., all but CASSIO.*]

Enter IAGO, L. 1 E.

CAS. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant ; it is not yet ten o'clock. Our General cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona ; whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. (R. C.). She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. (C.). What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, 'tis an alarm to love.

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. Oh, they are our friends ; but one cup. I'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too ; and behold what innovation it makes here ; I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

see any reason for so doing, because it opens upon the same scene as the first, and the ensuing action does not change to a different spot as in this version :—Ed.

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter LUCENTIO, with a proclamation—*People following.*

LUC. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello !

[*Exeunt.*]

* In the Booth version, as printed, this becomes Scene 3, and is the same as Scene 1 ; but in the version recently produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the second Scene was omitted, and consequently there was no change. I decidedly prefer the old version, as printed above, laying the scene outside the guard-house, as being more in accordance with the text, and the most appropriate spot for the action of the Scene to take place upon.—Ed.

IAGO. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

IAGO. Here—I pray you call them in.

CAS. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit, L. 1 E.]

IAGO (C.). If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep, and he's to watch;
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honor in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch, too. (*loud laughing*, L.) Now, 'mongst this
flock of drunkards,
I am to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle—(*vehement laughter*, L.)
But here they come.
If circumstances do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, accompanied by MONTANO, JULIO, ANTONIO, LEONARDO, and a SERVANT, with wine and goblets, L. 1 E.

CAS. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

MONT. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

IAGO (R. C.). Some wine, ho! (*sings*)

And let me the canakin clink, clink!

And let me the canakin clink;

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! (SERVANT *fills goblets*.)

CAS. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song!

IAGO. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in
potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—
Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. (*plies CASSIO with wine*.)

CAS. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he
sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be filled.

CAS. To the health of our General.

MONT. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

IAGO. Oh, sweet England! (*sings, and gives more wine to CASSIO*)

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he called the tailor—lown.*

Some wine, ho!

* He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

CAS. 'Fore Heaven, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear it again ?

CAS. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place that does those things. Well—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

IAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part—no offence to the General, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

IAGO. And so do I, too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay ; but by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. (*laughs*) Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins ! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. (*laughs*) Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

ALL. Excellent well.

CAS. Very well, then—you must not think that I am drunk.

[*Exeunt*, L. 1 E., all but IAGO and MONTANO.]

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before ;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction ; and do but see his vice.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONT. But is he often thus ?

IAGO. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.*

MONT. It were well

The General were put in mind of it ;
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good-nature
Prizes the virtues that appear in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO, R. 1 E.

IAGO (*aside*, to RODERIGO). How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.

[RODERIGO *exits*, L. 1 E.]

MONT. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil.

ROD. (*without*): Help ! help !

IAGO. But hark ! what noise ?

Re-enter RODERIGO, driven in by CASSIO ; ANTONIO and JULIO following them.

CAS. You rogue ! you rascal !

MONT. What's the matter, lieutenant ? (*stops* CASSIO.)

CAS. A knave teach me my duty !

* He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

ROD.

Beat me?

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue? (*struggling to reach RODERIGO.*)

MONT. (*staying him.*) Nay, good lieutenant;

Pray, sir, hold your hand.

CAS

Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONT. Come, come! you're drunk!

CAS.

Drunk! (*strikes MONTANO. They*

draw, and fight.)

IAGO (*aside*). Away, I say! go out and cry—a mutiny!

[RODERIGO runs out, R. 1 E.]

Nay, good lieutenant—alas, gentlemen—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir;

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed! (*bell rings, R.*)

Who's that that rings the bell? Diabolo, ho!

The town will rise. Heaven's will, lieutenant! hold!

You will be shamed forever! (*MONTANO is wounded—ANTONIO and JULIO support him, L.*)

*Re-enter OTHELLO, from the guard-house, with drawn scimitar. MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, and SERVANTS, with torches.**

OTH. (c.). Hold, for your lives.

Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turned Turks; and to ourselves do that

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. (*bell rings, R.*)

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. [*Exit MARCO, R. 1 E., and returns.*]

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee. (*CASSIO stands leaning against a pillar on the R.*)

IAGO (R. c.). I do not know; friends all but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now

(As if some planet had unwitted men),

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And would in action glorious I had lost

These legs that brought me to a part of it.

OTH. (*crosses to CASSIO, and surveys him intently*). How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTH. (*crosses to MONTANO*) Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

* OTH. What is the matter here?

MONT. Zounds, I bleed still! I am hurt to the death! (*faints.*)

OTH. Hold, for your lives!

IAGO. Hold, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—gentlemen—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the General speaks to you; hold, hold! for shame!

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night brawler? Give me answer to it.

MONT. (L.). Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night
Unless self charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves, it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way; if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel—
In night, and on the court, a guard of safety—
'Tis monstrous. (*goes to IAGO in the c.*) Iago, who began't?

MONT. (L., *to IAGO*). If partially affined, or leagued in office
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near;
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, General:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue
Lest, by his clamor—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I returned, the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before; when I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best—
Yet, surely, Cassio—I believe—received
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. (*returns to CASSIO, R.*) Cassio, I
love thee!

But never more be officer of mine. (*crosses to MONTANO, L.*)

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off. (*MONTANO is led off by JULIO and ANTONIO,
L. 1 E.*)

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

[*Exeunt into the guard-house, all but CASSIO and IAGO.*

IAGO (*crosses to CASSIO, R.*). What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, Heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation! (*both return, c.*)

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the General again.* Sue to him, and he's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow. Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! (*crosses.*)

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is it possible?

CAS. (*crosses*). I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!†

IAGO (*c.*). Why, but you are now well enough! How came you thus recovered?

CAS. (*R. c.*). It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness, to give place to the devil Wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. (*crosses.*)

IAGO.‡ I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. (*L. c.*). I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool; and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

* You are but now cast in his mood; a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion.

† That we should, with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! (*crosses to and fro.*)

‡ Come, you are too severe a moralist; as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir—I drunk!

IAGO. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's wife is now the general;* confess yourself freely to her; importune her, she'll help to put you in your place; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested †

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

IAGO. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probable to the thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again—
How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows
As I do now; for, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO, R. 1 E.

How now, Roderigo?

ROD. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

IAGO (c.). How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning!
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short

* I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces.

† This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortune against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Retire thee—go where thou art billeted ;
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter.
 Nay, get thee gone. [Exit RODERIGO, L. 1 E.
 Two things are to be done. (*meditating, and moving slowly
 off*)

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on—(*pausing, L.*)
 Myself the while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump where he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way !
 Dull not device by coldness and delay ! [Exit, L. 1 E.]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus. A room in the castle.**

DESDEMONA *discovered seated, L. EMILIA on her right, and CASSIO
 standing, c.*

DES. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMI. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband
 As if the cause were his.

DES. Oh, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

CAS. Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 He's never anything but your true servant.

DES. Oh, sir, I thank you ! You do love my lord ;
 You've known him long, and be you well assured,
 He shall in strangeness stand no further off
 Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay—but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 That I being absent, and my place supplied,
 My General will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that ; (*rising, and advancing, c.* CASSIO R. C.
 EMILIA, L. C.) before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it,
 To the last article ; my lord shall never rest ;
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
 I'll intermingle everything he does
 With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,

* In the Booth version this scene is laid in the garden of the castle, and is so carried through to the end of the Act. I decidedly prefer the original and generally recognized version of laying it in an apartment of the castle, and of a change of scene occurring at the point where Othello and Iago make the compact for Cassio's death, instead of resorting, as was recently done, to the melo-dramatic effect of using a drop scene, Iago repeating his allegiance, and then raising the drop to the same scene again.—ED.

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

EMI (*aside*). Madam, here comes my lord.

OTHELLO, *reading paper, enters R. U. E., followed by IAGO; they pause at the entrance.*

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. (*not noticing EMILIA'S remark*). Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well, do your discretion.

[CASSIO *salutes and exits, R. 3 E.*

IAGO (*aside, but loud enough for OTHELLO to hear*). Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What dost thou say? *

IAGO (*carelessly*). Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away, so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTH. I do believe 'twas he! (*they descend, c., and advance; IAGO, L.*)

DES. (R. C.). How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. (C.). Who is't you mean?

DES. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face—
I pr'ythee, call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.

DES. But shall't be shortly?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner, then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith he's penitent—
When shall he come?

OTH. Tell me, Othello. I wonder, in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so manning on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,

Hath ta'en your part. To have so much to do
To bring him in. Trust me, I could do much.

OTH. Pr'ythee, no more—let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love, indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you? no! Farewell, my lord.

OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.

DES. Emilia, come. Be't as your fancies teach you;
What'er you be, I am obedient.

*Exeunt EMILIA and DESDEMONA, up steps, c., and retiring slowly, R.
U. E.*

OTH. (*who has been gazing intently upon them*). Excellent wench!
Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. (*sits on seat, L.*)

IAGO (*drawing near to him*). My noble lord—

OTH. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

OTH. He did from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

IAGO. But for the satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

OTH. What of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTH. Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed!

OTH. Indeed! indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that;
Is he not honest? (*advancing toward IAGO.*)

IAGO. Honest, my lord? (*as though surprised—
and advancing a little toward R. c.*)

OTH. Honest?—ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord?

OTH. Think, my lord!

(*aside*) By Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shown. (*aloud, rising, and advancing, c.*)
Thou dost mean something;

I heard thee say but now—"I like not that,"

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And, when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st, "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO (R. c.). My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. (c.). I think thou dost;
And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio—
I dare be sworn—I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so, too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO. Good, my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to—
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO. I do beseech you—
(Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess—
As I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not)—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of this scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name, in man and woman, dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. By Heaven, I'll know thy thought!

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAGO. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves ;

OTH. Oh, misery !

IAGO. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
 But riches, endless, are as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor—
 Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

OTH. Why, why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
 Is—once to be resolved.*

'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous ;
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
 I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy. (*crosses, R.*)

IAGO. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you,
 With franker spirit ; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof—
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye thus—not jealous, nor secure :—
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so ?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
 And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to then ;
 She that so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak—
 He thought 'twas witchcraft :—but I am much to blame,
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee forever ! (*rest-
 less and uneasy, and crossing to and fro.*)

IAGO. I see, this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot !

IAGO. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke

* Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference.

Comes from my love—but, I do see, you are moved—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not. (*walking toward steps, and much disturbed.*)

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at; Cassio's my trusty friend—
My lord, I see you're moved.

OTH. No, not much moved—(*stop-
ping short, and after a pause*)

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTH. And yet, how nature, erring from itself—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point, as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
Fie! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me, I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell!

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more—

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago! (*sinks on seat.*)

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

OTH. Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds. (*rises, and
crosses, R.*)

Re-enter IAGO, L.

IAGO (L.). My lord—I would I might entreat your honor
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am),
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. (*sits down, L., somewhat excited*) If I do
prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. (*rises, and walks to and fro*) Haply—for
I am black,

And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have—or, for I am declined
 Into the vale of years—yet, that's not much—(*pauses, c.*)
 She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
 Must be—to loathe her. (*sinks on seat, l., and speaking with
 a deep and tremulous voice*) Oh, curse of marriage!
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For other's uses.*
 Desdemona comes—(*looking off, r., and rising*)
 If she be false, Oh, then Heaven mocks itself!
 I'll not believe it! (*sinks back on seat.*)

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA—they descend, c. EMILIA pauses, r.
 DESDEMONA advances to OTHELLO.*

DES. How now, my dear Othello?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.
 OTH. I am to blame.
 DES. Why is your speech so faint? Are you not well?
 OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.
 DES. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again.
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well. (*takes out her handkerchief.*)
 OTH. Your napkin is too little. (*he puts the handker-
 chief from him, and rises; it drops to the left of seat*)
 Let it alone. Come, I'll go with you.
 DES. I'm very sorry that you are not well.

*OTHELLO and DESDEMONA go slowly up the steps, c., his arm embrac-
 ing her, and she resting her hand upon his shoulder; they exe-
 unt, r. u. e.*

EMI. (*advancing, and picking up the handkerchief*). I am glad I
 have found this napkin;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token
 (For he conjured her she should ever keep it),
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. (*advances, c., examining handkerchief*)
 I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give it to Iago;
 What he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

* Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogative are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny, unshunnable like death!
 Even this forked plague is fated to us
 When we do quicken. (*rises.*)

IAGO (c.). How now ! what do you here alone ?*

EMI. (R. c.). Do not you chide. What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ? (*hiding it behind her.*)

IAGO. What handkerchief ?

EMI. What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO (*eagerly*). Hast stolen it from her ?

EMI. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;
And to the advantage, I, being here, took't up !
Look, here it is. (*producing it.*)

IAGO. A good wench ; give it me.

EMI. What will you do with't, that you've been so earnest
To have me filch it ?

IAGO. Why, what's that to you ? (*snatching it.*)

EMI. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady ! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not you known on't ; I have use for it. Go, leave me !

EMILIA *retires up steps, c., slowly, and exits, R. U. E., IAGO watching
her departure ; then advancing, c.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something—
The Moor already changes with my poison.
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so ;
Look where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to the sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha, ha ! false to me—to me ? (*comes down, c.*)

IAGO. Why, how now, General ? No more of that.

OTH. (*walking to and fro*). Avaunt ! begone ! thou'st set me on the
rack ;

I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord ?

OTH. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not ; it harmed not me ;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,

* EMI. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me ? It is a common thing—

EMI. (*interrupting*). Ha !

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMI. Oh, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all. (*crosses.*)

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known Oh, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell, the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;
And, oh! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! (*sinks on seat, L., and
buries his face in his hands.*)

IAGO. Is it possible? (*advances, and kneels*) My lord—

OTH. (*fiercely scizing IAGO*). Villain! be sure thou prove my love a
whore!

Be sure of it—give me the ocular proof—
Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog, Iago,
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO. Is't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

IAGO. My noble lord—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. (*hurls him away; starts up, and paces to
and fro.*)

IAGO. O, grace! O, Heaven defend me! (*rising*)

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
Heaven be wi' you; mine office take. Oh, wretched fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice—
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O, world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence. (*going, R.*)

OTH. Nay, stay! (*crosses, and sinks on seat, L.*) Thou should'st be
honest.

IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt not.
I'll have some proof; her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face.*

* If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.

Would I were satisfied ! (*rises, and paces to and fro.*)

IAGO (*coldly*). I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

OTH. (*stopping suddenly*). Would ? Nay, I will !

IAGO. And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?

Behold her——

OTH. Death and damnation ! Oh ! (*paces to and fro.*)

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think.

To bring them to that prospect ; damn them, then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,

More than their own. What then ? how then ?

What shall I say ? where's satisfaction ?

If imputation, and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth,

Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office ;

But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,

Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleep will mutter their affairs.

One of this kind is Cassio ;

In sleep I heard him say—*Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary ; let us hide our loves !

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;

Cry—*Oh, sweet creature !*

And then cry—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor !*

OTH. (*pacing to and fro*). Oh, monstrous ! monstrous !

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

IAGO. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream ;

And this may help to thicken other proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. (L. c.). I'll tear her all to pieces. (*going toward steps, c., then halting on them.*)

IAGO. Nay, but be wise—yet we see nothing done ;

She may be honest, yet. Tell me but this :

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

OTH. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief

(I am sure it was your wife's), did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. (*rushing back*). If it be that——

IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTH. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven—

'Tis gone ! (c.)

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

IAGO. Pray, be content.

OTH. Oh, blood! Iago, blood! (*crosses*)

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

OTH. Never, Iago!*

By yon marble heaven, (*kneeling*)
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet. (*crosses, and kneels by his side*)

Witness, ye ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wronged Othello's service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work so'er.

OTH. (*rising*). I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't;
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead;
'Tis done, at your request. (*rises*) But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! Oh, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant!

IAGO. I am your own forever! (*sinks on his knees; and raises his hand as the scene closes in.*)

SCENE II.—*Cyprus. Another apartment in the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R. 1 E.

DES. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMI. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me,

And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

EMI. Is he not jealous?

DES. Who, hē? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humors from him.

EMI. Look, where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him.

* Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. (*kneels.*)

Enter OTHELLO, L. 1 E. *EMILIA draws back*, R. 2 E.

How is't with you, my lord?

OTH. (c.). Well, my good lady. (*aside*) Oh, hardness to dissemble!
(*aloud*) How do you, Desdemona?

DES. (R. c.). Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

DES. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart—
Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand! The hands, of old, gave hearts,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts! (*crosses to L.*)

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck? (*turns back.*)

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me—
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me
And bade me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

DES. Is it possible?

OTH. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it.
A Sybil, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work.
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed! is't true?

OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

DES. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it!

OTH. Ha! wherefore?

DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTH. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is it out o' the way?

DES. Heaven bless us!

OTH. Say you?

DES. It is not lost; but what, an' if it were?

OTH. Ha!

DES. I say it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch't! let me see it!

DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:—

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

OTH. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

DES. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief!

DES. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you—

OTH. The handkerchief!

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away!

[Exit OTHELLO, excitedly, L. 1 E.]

EMI. (*advancing*). Is not this man jealous?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMI. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

Look you, Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO, R. 1 E.

IAGO (*aside, to CASSIO*). There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! Go, and importune her.

DES. (c.). How now, good Cassio? What's the news with you?
(*EMILIA crosses over to IAGO in the background.*)

CAS. (R. c.). Madam, my former suit.*

DES. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favor, as in humor, altered.†
You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

* I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the duty of my heart
Entirely honor; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purposed merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

† So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech.

IAGO. Is my lord angry ?

EMI. He went hence but now,
And certainly, in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother—and can he be angry ?
Something of moment, then ; I will go meet him—
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I pry'thee, do so. [Exit IAGO, L. 1 E.]

Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
Nor of them look for such observances,
As fit the bridal.

EMI. Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

EMI. But jealous souls will not be answered so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. 'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself :

DES. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

EMI. Lady, amen !

DES. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship !

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA, L. ; CASSIO, R.*]

CURTAIN.

* In the Booth version the Act ends thus :

DES. I pry'thee do so. [Exit IAGO, L. 1 E.]

Something sure of state,
Either from Venice or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so ;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain ; nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship. [Exit, R. 1 E.]

EMI. Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day, I never gave him cause !

EMI. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus. An apartment in the castle.***Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R. 1 E.*

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago!

IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good.

IAGO. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker—you shall hear more by midnight. (*trumpet without, L.*)

OTH. Excellent good.

What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke; and see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO and DESDEMONA, L. 1 E.

LOD. Save you, worthy general!

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you. (*gives OTHELLO a letter.*)

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. (*retires to R., and reads the letter.*)

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there is fallen between him and my lord, An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTH. (*partly aside*). Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord!

OTH. (*reads*). *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

LOD. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'tween my lord and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one. I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord!

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry? (*crosses to c.*)

LOD. May be, the letter moved him.

But jealous for they're jealous; 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

EMI. Lady, amen!

CURTAIN.

* In the Booth version the whole of this scene is omitted, and the Fourth Act commences with scene 2 of this version.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. By my troth, I am glad on't.

OTH. Indeed!

DES. My lord!

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. How, sweet Othello?

OTH. (*crossing to L., and striking her*). Devil!

DES. I have not deserved this! (*weeps*.)

LOD. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends; she weeps.

OTH. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

DES. I will not stay to offend you. (*going, R.*)

LOD. Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress!

DES. My lord!

OTH. What would you with her, sir?

LOD. Who, I my lord?

OTH. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn.

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient—as you say, obedient—

Very obedient. (*to DESDEMONA*) Proceed you in your tears—
(*to LODOVICO*) Concerning this, sir—Oh, well-painted passion!
I am commanded here—(*to DESDEMONA*) Get you away;
I'll send for you, anon. (*to LODOVICO*) Sir, I obey the man-
date,

And will return to Venice. (*to DESDEMONA*) Hence, avaunt!
Cassio shall have my place. (*to LODOVICO*) And, sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus. (*aside*) Goats and monkeys!
[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA, R. 1 E.*]

LOD. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much changed.

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAGO. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

IAGO. Alas! alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*Cyprus. Another apartment in the castle.*

EMILIA and OTHELLO enter, c., and advance.

- OTH. (c.). You have seen nothing, then ?
 EMI. (l. c.). Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
 OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
 EMI. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.
 OTH. What, did they never whisper ?
 EMI. Never, my lord.
 OTH. Nor send you out o' the way ?
 EMI. Never !
 OTH. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloves, nor nothing ?
 EMI. Never, my lord.
 OTH. That's strange !
 EMI. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
 Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,
 Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
 For, if she be not honest, chaste and true,
 There's no man happy ; the purest of her sex
 Is foul as slander.
 OTH. Bid her come hither ; go ! [*Exit EMILIA, R. 1 E.*
 She says enough—yet she's a simple bawd
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets ;
 And yet she'll kneel and pray—I've seen her do't!

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R. 1 E.

- DES. My lord, what is your will ?
 OTH. Pray, chuck, come hither.
 DES. What is your pleasure ? (*crosses to c.*)
 OTH. Let me see your eyes—
 Look in my face.
 DES. What horrible fancy's this ?
 OTH. (*to EMILIA*). Some of your function, mistress ;
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
 Cough or cry—*hem*, if anybody come ;
 Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch. [*Exit EMILIA, c.*
 DES. (*kneels*). Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.
 OTH. Why, what art thou ?
 DES. (*sinks at his feet*). Your wife, my lord—your true and loyal
 wife.
 OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
 Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned ;
 Swear—thou art honest.
 DES. Heaven doth truly know it.
 OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
 DES. (*rising*). To whom, my lord ? With whom ?
 How am I false ?

- OTH. (c., *weeping*). Oh, Desdemona! — away! away! away!
(*crosses to L.*)
- DES. Alas, the heavy day! (*rising*) Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
- OTH. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience;—but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at. (*she sinks on her knees*)
Yet could I bear that too—well, very well:—
But there, where I have garnered up my heart!
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence—
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience—thou young and rose-lipped cherubim—
Ay, there look grim as hell!
- DES. (*rising, and clasping her hands*). I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
- OTH. Oh, ay! as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing. Oh, thou weed!
Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—'would thou had'st ne'er been born!
- DES. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?
- OTH. Was this fair paper; this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed!—Oh thou public commoner!*
- Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it! What committed?
Impudent strumpet! (*crosses to and fro.*)
- DES. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
- OTH. (*stopping suddenly*). Are not you a strumpet?
- DES. No, as I am a Christian! (*sinks on her knees.*)
- OTH. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell.

* OTH. I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty
Did I but speak thy deed—what committed!
What, not a drab?

DES. No, as I hope to be saved!

OTH. (*in doubt*). Is't possible?

DES. Oh, Heaven forgive us!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you—ay, you! (*throwing her purse*)
 We've done our course; there's money for your pains;
 I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit* OTHELLO, R. 1 E.]

EMI. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
 How do you, my good lady? (*raises up* DESDEMONA)
 Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DES. With whom?

EMI. With my lord, madam?

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMI. He that is your's, sweet lady.*

DES. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
 Pr'ythee, call thy husband hither. (*crosses to R.*)

EMI. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit* EMILIA, L.]

DES. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

* The Booth version proceeds thus:

DES. I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
 I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
 But what should go by water.

EMI. I would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
 That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
 Have grace and favor in them.
 Pr'ythee, to-night lay on my bed my wedding sheets.
 Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
 If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
 In one of those same sheets.

EMI. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid called Barbara;
 She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
 And did forsake her; she had a song of "willow,"
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 And she died singing it; that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
 But to go hang my head all at one side
 And sing it like poor Barbara.

(*singing*) The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow;
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
 Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve—
 Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMI. It's the wind.

DES. (*singing*). I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
 Sing willow, willow, willow.

Call thy husband hither.

EMI. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit*, C.]

DES. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
 How have I been behaved, that he might stick
 The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
 Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
 He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What's the matter, lady?

Enter IAGO and EMILIA, L.

IAGO (c.). What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

EMI. (L. c.). Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

DES. (R. c.). Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

EMI. He called her—whore! a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

IAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

EMI. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

IAGO. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

DES. Nay, Heaven doth know.

EMI. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. I'll be hanged else.

IAGO. Fie! there is no such man; it is impossible. (*retires up the stage.*)

DES. (L. c.). If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

EMI. A halter pardon him!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some outrageous knave,

Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O Heaven, that such companions thouldst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world!

IAGO (*advances*). Speak within door*—you are a fool! Go to.

DES. O, good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of Heaven,

I know not how I lost him. (*kneels*) Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—(though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement)—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! (*they raise her*) Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love.

* EMI. Oh, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO. (*sharply*). You are a fool! Go to—

IAGO (L. c.). I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor.
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

DES. If 'twere no other—

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant you.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R. 1 E.*

Enter RODERIGO, C.

How now, Roderigo?

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

ROD. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would have corrupted a votarist; you have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor is it very well! By this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO (c.). You have said now.

ROD. Ay; and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this time, do build on thee better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hard, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

ROD. (L. c.). It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor—this night show it. If thou the next night following enjoy'st not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is a special command come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

* In the Booth version all exeunt, and the scene changes to a street scene, instead of, as in this version, further on.

ROD. Is that true? Why, then, Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident—wherein the none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean—removing of him?

IAGO. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place—knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me do?

IAGO. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him—he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one—you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt*, L. 1 E.]

SCENE III.—*Cyprus. The castle gates.**

Enter LODOVICO, OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, MARCO, and PAULO, R.

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

LOD. Madam, good night. (*crosses*, L.) I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honor is most welcome.

OTH.

Will you walk, sir?

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO, PAULO, and MARCO, L.]

Oh, Desdemona—

DES. My lord?

OTH. Get you to bed on the instant; I will return forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

[*Exit*, L.]

DES. I will, my lord!

EMI. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return immediately;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMI. Dismiss me?

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him. (*crosses to R.*)

EMI. I would you had never seen him!

[*Exeunt*, R.]

SCENE IV.—*Cyprus. A street,*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, L. 3 E.

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;
Wear thy good rapier bare; and put it home.
It makes us, or it mars us; think of that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

* This scene is omitted in the Booth version.

ROD. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand. (*retires a little L.*)

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he has giving me satisfying reasons—
'Tis but a man gone—forth my sword ; he dies. (*stands aside by the pillars, R.*)

IAGO (*advancing, c.*). Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I fobbed from him
As gifts to Desdemona :
It must not be. If Cassio do remain—
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in peril.
No, he must die. But so ! I hear him coming. (*stands aside again, L. 3 E.*)

Enter CASSIO, L. 1 E.

ROD. I know his gait : 'tis he :—Villain, thou diest ! (*he runs and thrusts at CASSIO.*)

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy, indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
I will make proof of thine. (*draws, and wounds RODERIGO, who falls.*)

ROD. Oh, I am slain !

[IAGO *advances, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exits, R. 1 E.*

CAS. I am maimed forever ! (*CASSIO falls.*)

Help, ho !—murder ! murder !

ROD. Oh, villain that I am !

CAS. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !*

* In the Booth version there is a little variation made here ; it is made to run thus :

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

GRA. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

CAS. O, help !

LOD. Hark !

ROD. O, wretched villain !

LOD. Two or three groan : it is a heavy night :

These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.

ROD. Nobody come ? Then shall I bleed to death.

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

IAGO. Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries on murder ?

LOD. We do not know.

IAGO. Did not you hear a cry ?

CAS. Here, here ! for Heaven's sake, help me !

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

CAS. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !
Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

IAGO. O treacherous villains !

(*to LODOVICO and GRATIANO*) What are you there ? come in and give some help.

ROD. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Re-enter IAGO, R., with naked sword and a light.

IAGO. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

CAS. Iago! Oh, I am spoiled, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

ROD. Oh, help me! here!

CAS. That's one of them.

IAGO. O murderous slave! O villain! (*stabs RODERIGO.*)

ROD. Oh, damned Iago! oh, inhuman dog! Oh—oh—oh! (*dies.*)

IAGO. Kill men i' the dark? Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, L.

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO. Signior Lodovico?

LOD. He, sir.

IAGO. I cry you mercy! here's Cassio, hurt by villains!

GRA. Cassio? (*GRATIANO and LODOVICO raise and support CASSIO.*)

IAGO. How is it, brother?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

IAGO. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Know we this face, or no? (*turns and looks on RODERIGO*)

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo! No!—yes, sure! O, Heaven, Roderigo!

Enter EMILIA, with a light, R. D.

EMI. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on i' the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

EMI. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO. Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happened.

[*SERVANTS bear off RODERIGO, R.; and exit EMILIA, L. 1 E.*

Will you go on, I pray! (*aside*) This is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

CURTAIN.

ROD. O, help me here!

CAS. That's one of them.

IAGO. O murderous slave! O villain! (*stabs RODERIGO.*)

ROD. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

IAGO. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil? etc.

But this, if not incorrect, is at least injudicious, because it thus makes Lodovico and Gratiano present on the scene when Iago kills Roderigo, to which it was certainly never intended there should be any witnesses.—Ed.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus. A bed-chamber in the castle. DESDEMONA in bed, asleep.*

OTHELLO *discovered at the window, c.*

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause. (*advances*) Yet, I'll not shed her blood;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then—Put out the light? (*pauses, c.*)
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
 It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree. (*goes to bed-
 side and kisses DESDEMONA*)
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice herself to break her sword—Once more. (*kisses her*)
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. Once more, and this the last—(*kisses
 her*)*
 She wakes.

DES. Who's there? Othello?

OTH. Ay, Desdemona.

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
 Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief—I will walk by; (*crosses to R.*)
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No, Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then Heaven

Have mercy on me!

OTH. Amen, with all my heart! (*returning to bedside.*)

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Humph!

DES. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal, then,
 When your eyes roll so; why I should fear, I know not,
 Since guilt I know not; yet, I feel, I fear.

* So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love.

- OTH. Think on thy sins. (*crossing to and fro.*)
 DES. They're loves I bear to you.
 OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.
 DES. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.*
 OTH. Peace, and be still !
 DES. I will so—what's the matter ?
 OTH. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee
 Thou gav'st to Cassio.
 DES. No, by my life and soul !
 Send for the man, and ask him.—
 OTH. Sweet soul, take heed—
 Take heed of perjury ; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
 DES. Ay, but not yet to die.
 OTH. Yes, presently ;
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
 For to deny each article with oath,
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die !
 DES. Then, Lord have mercy on me !
 OTH. I say, amen.
 DES. And have you mercy, too ! I never did
 Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio,
 But with such general warrant of Heaven
 As I might love. I never gave him token.
 OTH. Oh, perjured woman ! thou dost stone thy heart,
 And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
 A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice !
 I saw the handkerchief.
 DES. He found it, then ;
 I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
 And let him confess a truth.
 OTH. He hath confessed
 DES. What, my lord ?
 OTH. That he hath used thee.
 DES. How ? unlawfully ?
 OTH. Ay !
 DES. He will not say so.
 OTH. No, his mouth is stopped ;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
 DES. My fear interprets, then. What, is he dead ?
 OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.
 DES. Alas ! he is betrayed, and I undone !
 OTH. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face ?
 DES. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !
 OTH. Down, strumpet !
 DES. Kill me to-morrow : let me live to-night.
 OTH. Nay, an you strive—
 DES. But half an hour—
 OTH. Being done,
 There is no pause.
 DES. But while I say one prayer—

* These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

- OTH. It is too late. (*smothers her.* EMILIA *knocks,* R. D.)
 EMI. (*without*). My lord! my lord! What, ho! my lord! my lord!
 OTH. (*alarmed*). What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain—
 So—so—(*stabs her with his dagger.*)
 EMI. (*without, knocking*). What, ho! my lord! my lord!
 OTH. (*terrified*). Who's there?
 EMI. (*without*). Oh, my good lord, I'd speak a word with you.
 OTH. (*excitedly and bewildered*). Yes—'tis Emilia.—By and by.—
 She's dead.
 'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
 The noise was high.—Ha! no more of moving!
 Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?
 I think she stirs again—no!—What's the best?
 If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
 My wife! my wife! What wife?—I have no wife!
 Oh, insupportable! oh, heavy hour!
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration. (*sinks on chair, L., completely prostrated.* EMILIA *knocks, L., again.*)
 EMI. (*without*). I do beseech you I may speak with you,
 Oh, good my lord!
 OTH. (*startled, after a pause*). I had forgot thee. Oh, come in,
 Emilia.*

Enter EMILIA, R. D.

- What's the matter with thee now?
 EMI. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!
 OTH. (*L. c., near bed, as though to prevent her approaching it.*)
 What! now?
 EMI. But now, my lord!
 OTH. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.
 EMI. Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian
 Called Roderigo.
 OTH. Roderigo killed?—
 And Cassio killed?
 EMI. No, Cassio is not killed.
 OTH. Not Cassio killed? Then, murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.
 DES. (*faintly*). Oh, oh, oh! (*OTHELLO starts*)
 EMI. Alas! what cry is that?
 OTH. (*terrified*). That: what?
 DES. Oh! falsely, falsely murdered!
 EMI. Out, and alas! it is my lady's voice! (*goes to the bed*)
 Help! help, oh! help!—O lady, speak again!

* (*rises, half towards R. D., then pauses, and returns*).
 Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw. (*pulls the curtains together, close, and adjusts his robe*)
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? (*advances, and unlocks R. D.*)

Sweet Desdemona! oh, sweet mistress, speak!

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMI.

Oh, who has done

This deed?

DES.

Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord—oh, farewell! (*she dies.* OTH-
ELLO *sinks on chair, and speaks wildly.*)

OTH.

Why, how should she be murdered?

EMI.

(*advancing.*)

Alas! who knows?

OTH.

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMI.

She said so: I must needs report the truth.

OTH.

(*fiercely.*) She's like a liar, gone to burning hell:—

'Twas I that killed her!

EMI.

Oh, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

OTH.

She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMI.

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTH.

She was as false as water.

EMI.

Thou art as rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh, she was heavenly true!

OTH.

Oh, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

EMI.

My husband?

OTH.

Thy husband.

EMI.

That she was false to wedlock?

OTH.

Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,

If Heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

EMI.

My husband?

OTH.

(*starting up, and pacing to and fro.*) What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband:—dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband—honest, honest Iago.

EMI.

(*c., with energy.*) If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH.

Ha!

EMI.

Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH.

Peace, you were best—

EMI.

Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—(OTHELLO
draws his sword and threatens her)

I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.

Help! help! ho! help! (*crosses behind him, and rushes out,
r., and back*)

The Moor has killed my mistress! murder! murder! (OTHELLO
goes up the stage, returns, and leans upon the bed)

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO, R. D.

MONT. What is the matter ?

EMI. (*rushing towards the bed*). My mistress here lies murdered in her bed !—

Oh, are you come, Iago ? You have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false,
I know thou did'st not : thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO (*R. c., behind him MONTANO and GRATIANO*). I told him what I thought ; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMI. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

IAGO. I did.

EMI. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie !

Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio ? Did you say, with Cassio ?

IAGO. With Cassio, mistress.

What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

EMI. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh ! oh ! oh !

EMI. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. (*rises*). Oh, she was foul !—

(*to GRATIANO*) I scarce did know you, uncle ; there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

GRA. (*advances to bedside*). Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain.*

OTH. (*c.*) 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it ;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand :

It was a handkerchief—an antique token

My father gave my mother.

EMI. O Heaven ! O heavenly powers !

That handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;

For often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle),

He begged of me to steal it.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest !

EMI. By Heaven, I do not—I do not, gentlemen !

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven

* Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain! (OTHELLO makes a pass at IAGO. MONTANO disarms him. IAGO then stabs EMILIA, and runs out, R. D. She falls on the couch, E.

MONT. (to GRATIANO). Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor;
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO, R. D.]

OTH I am not valiant, neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

EMI.* Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die—I die! (dies.)

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper; (crosses to the table, L., and fetches the sword)

Oh, here it is. (to GRATIANO, without) Uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. (without). If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Enter GRATIANO, R. D., with drawn sword.

(exultingly) Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh, vain boast!
Who can control his fate?—'tis not so now!†
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear;—
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go? (goes to the bed
and moving curtain slightly aside)
Now, how dost thou look now? Oh, ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy sheets! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl,
Even like thy chastity. Oh, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?—Oh, oh, oh! (falls down
by her.)

* EMI. (wondering). What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan
And die in music. (singing faintly: "Willow, willow, willow!" breaks
off abruptly.)

† Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Enter LODOVICO, R. D., CASSIO, *with handkerchief bound round his leg, brought in by* ANTONIO and JULIO.

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

OTH. That's he that was Othello—Here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper ? Bring the villain forth.

Re-enter MONTANO *with* IAGO, *prisoner* ; MARCO and PAULO, L.

OTH. I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable ;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. (OTHELLO *wounds*
IAGO.)

LOD. Wrench his sword from him. (MONTANO *disarms* him.)

IAGO (*sullenly, r.*) I bleed, sir, but am not killed.

OTH. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LOD. O thou, Othello, that was once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

OTH. Why, anything :

An honorable murderer, if you will ;
For naught did I in hate, but all in honor.

LOD. This wretch hath part confessed his villainy :—
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

OTH. Ay !

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
(*to* LODOVICO) Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

IAGO. Demand me nothing ; what you know you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not :—Here's a letter.
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here, another ; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

OTH. O, villain !

LOD. Now here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket, too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,
Came in, and satisfied him.

OTH. Oh, the pernicious catiff !
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ? (*pointing to the handkerchief on* CAS-
SIO'S leg.)

CAS. (R. C.) I found it in my chamber ;
And he himself confessed but even now,
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. (L. C.) O fool ! fool ! fool ! (*returns to the bed.*)

CAS. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came

That I was cast ; and e'en but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

L^{OD.} (to O^{THELLO}). You must forsake this room, and go with us :
Your power and your command are taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : away with him.
You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

[*Exeunt* IAGO, PAULO, and MARCO, L.

O^{TH.} (c.). Soft you—a word or two, before you go :—
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Smote a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus ! (*stabs himself*)
Oh, Desdemona ! (*dies.*)*

C^{AS.} This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

L^{OD.} Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor ;
For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of that hellish villain :
The time, the place, the torture. Oh, enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

EMILIA (*on couch*).

GRATIANO.

JULIO.

CASSIO.

LODOVICO.

OTHELLO (L. C., *near bed*).

CURTAIN.

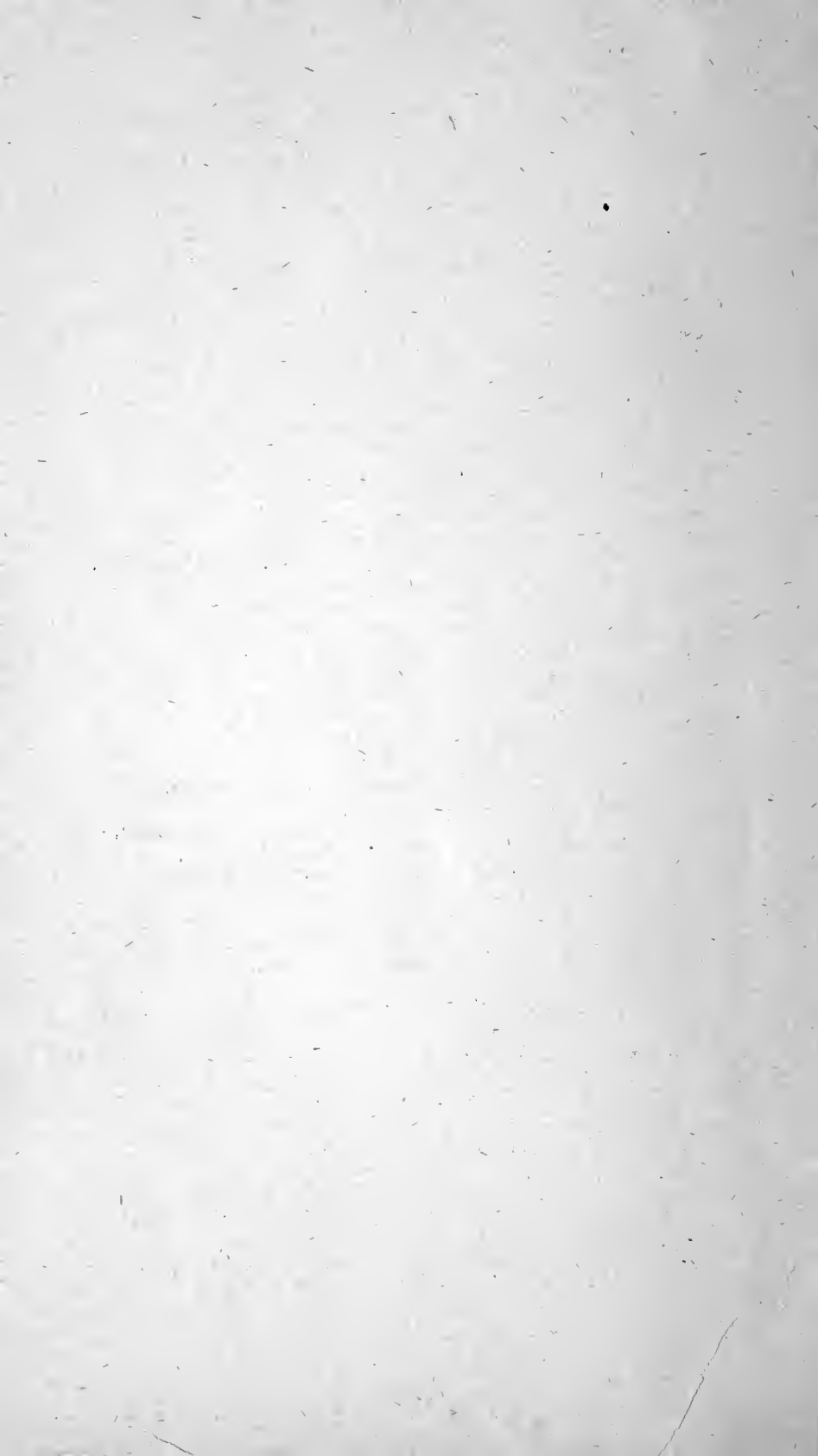
* In the Booth version the termination is thus :

L^{OD.} O bloody period !

GRA. All that's spoke is marr'd.

O^{TH.} I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. (*dies.*)

C^{AS.} This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart. (*the curtain falls.*)







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148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
	1 act.....	2	1	18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
113.	Cyrrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4		1 act.....	4	3
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108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act	1 1	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue	7 5
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts	8 5	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act	3 2
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
171. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue	13 6	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act	2 10
97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8 2
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6 6
45. Our Domestic, comedy farce, 2 acts	6 6	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts.	10 4
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2 acts	2 4
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16 5	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1 act	1 3
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5		
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1		
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4		
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3 10		
23. Petticoat Parliament; extravaganza, in one act.	15 24		
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3 2		



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